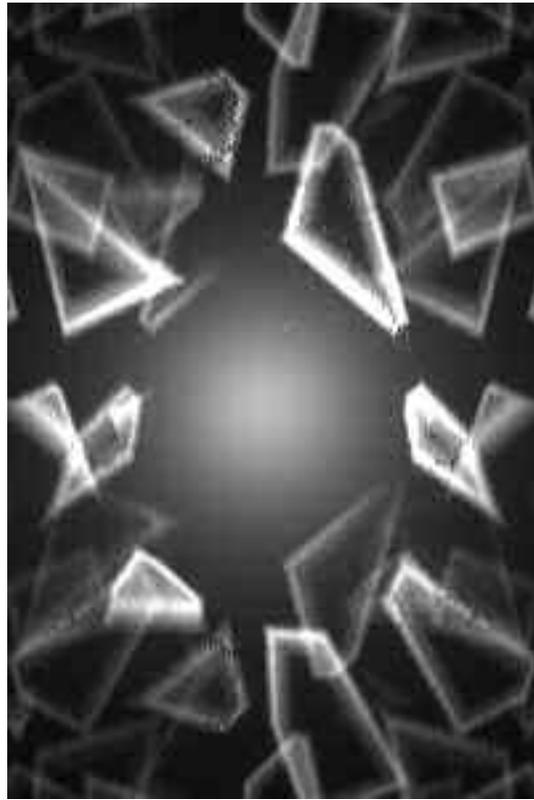


# Perspectives



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# CONTENTS

<b>Sing To Me Softly Of Earth</b> .....	5
<b>No Mind</b> .....	6
<b>First Light</b> .....	7
<b>Winter , Night , or Both</b> .....	8
<b>Nocturne</b> .....	9
<b>Ex Nihil</b> .....	10
<b>Hedges of May</b> .....	12
<b>A Path in Trees</b> .....	14
<b>Gorge</b> .....	15
<b>Quarries</b> .....	16
<b>The Green Man</b> .....	18
<b>He</b> .....	19
<b>Creatures</b> .....	21
<b>Aquarius</b> .....	22
<b>Be in Me</b> .....	24
<b>Dream</b> .....	27
<b>Be</b> .....	28
<b>Season</b> .....	29
<b>Winter Walk</b> .....	30
<b>Pissarro</b> .....	31
<b>How To</b> .....	32
<b>Pressure</b> .....	33
<b>The Garden</b> .....	34
<b>Talking To The White Goddess</b> .....	35
<b>Invocation</b> .....	36
<b>Rowan</b> .....	37
<b>Care</b> .....	37
<b>Touch</b> .....	38
<b>Moon-Song</b> .....	39

<b>Based on an Irish Song ( 7<sup>th</sup> Century )</b> .....	40
<b>Three Anonymous Rondeaux</b> .....	41
<b>Three More Anonymous Rondeaux</b> .....	43
<b>New Moon</b> .....	45
<b>In You</b> .....	46
<b>Song</b> .....	48
<b>Ardour's Tower</b> .....	49
<b>Alphabet</b> .....	50
<b>Alternan</b> .....	52
<b>Fire</b> .....	53
<b>Bird On Briar</b> .....	54
<b>Heart Be Still</b> .....	55
<b>'Irisch Kind'</b> .....	56
<b>See</b> .....	57
<b>The Goddess</b> .....	58
<b>Cen Áinius</b> .....	61
<b>Rose</b> .....	63
<b>Adapted from the Gaelic</b> .....	64
<b>Starlight</b> .....	65
<b>Various</b> .....	66
<b>She</b> .....	68
<b>Mermaid</b> .....	69
<b>Fifty Dragons For Shen Lung</b> .....	70
<b>Three Pines And A Buddha</b> .....	85
<b>Six Shunga</b> .....	190
<b>Index Of First Lines</b> .....	193

# **Sing To Me Softly Of Earth**

## No Mind

Under the dark tree, no Mind made us.  
In the gold desert flowering after rain,  
in the blue desert, no Mind watching us.

Hedges dark-scented.  
Lanes where stone steps glisten,  
where the wind quickens. No Mind.

And no Mind watches now as we walk back  
towards the past ages, free of gods, full of feeling.  
Under the sky where no-one knew us, we knew  
ourselves.

On the grasslands, the savannahs,  
on the steppes, the prairies,  
as the creatures flowed past us. No Mind watched.

## First Light

No god, no soul, no spirit, no beyond.  
No other life, no hell, eternity.  
No sin, no fall, no grace, no redemption.  
No dim confessional.  
No ought, no outer meaning.  
No given, man.  
No free-will, no direction.  
No destiny but form and breath and choice,  
the endless view scaling out in distance.

No victim and no eden, wheel or eye.  
No rebirth, and no snake coiled in the dark,  
head flattened against being.

No call to us, no cry.  
The sky  
like the first white of sky in the first dawn.

## Winter , Night , or Both

Intrudes into the eye a coldness that outlasts  
of unrelated magnitude's coincident glare.  
It is the glimmer of time, unstartled by humanity,  
arriving at the human.

We watch ourselves, while Nothing else watches.  
Form in the unplanned world is the sound that air  
makes  
to our ear, without sense of beginning, unfilled  
with our absence, carrying no message but origin.

## Nocturne

The moth on the leaf of night,  
makes something of the minuteness of the real.  
It flutters and is fluttered by the mind.

Galaxy and eye are fluttered.  
Moth climbs, through falling light,  
through the white gravity of how things are.

## Ex Nihil

We are Mind and no mind made us  
in the pale dawn of deserts  
spirits softly moving  
the slow human commerce  
the freight of earth-seas.  
Mind learns a complex waiting

of snowed trees in winter  
the cold of ice boughs  
that have been there colder  
in the stand of night  
and holding out for a light  
glittering with thaw not snowfall.

Mind waits. Are we waiting  
for more than our survival  
among leaves also waiting ?  
We are Mind and no mind made us  
out of the nothing beyond us  
or the nothing inside us.



## Hedges of May

Past the abandoned pastures burnt in the sun,  
past the indolent stream and the dead thorns,  
on above the level of the uncivilised streets,  
up the bare slope to the pale hedges of may.

Burning poisonous white in the afternoon.  
Burning pit of action, hope, desire,  
of sense and memory.

White abyss in the inward of the eye  
that seethes on nothing.  
Burning of the body, of the mind.

The town sterile on its hill,  
the blind houses looking back at abyss.  
The vast stifling of a civilisation.  
The future naked, offers no consolation.  
Only the burning bonfire, only fuel,  
the mephitic perfumes of decomposition,  
the wild, slack, beauty of corruption.

White fires, white banners blowing,  
and we too, living fires, we men and women,  
still flesh, mind, spirit.  
We live and are not defeated, we the silent people.  
And we shall be hedges of may, white hedges of may.

## A Path in Trees

What is there you do not doubt, the self, the line  
of meanings taught knee-high, the purposes ?

A path in trees may take us who knows where,  
despite all mapped imaginary symbols, air  
of gold and pine-filled resin, dark and green,  
unsure, a siren-space where men can be unlimned,  
a stream with no grail-cup below the surface  
below the neutral, iced, untainted grey.

A random walk, whose landmarks, curious,  
impress on mind, the unbounded and unpurposed,  
doubt's certain centre.

Paths do not end, and do not own, divide.

No possession is implied by your walking.

No knowledge of what you walk from, promised,  
or what you hope, unpromised, this floor cares  
for no betrayal. Dark, where a bird, unseen  
softly calls, or riven with light, edge-brightening,  
looking down, a path that climbed.

## Gorge

This silver-grey landscape is where limestone weathers,  
abandoned pastures petrify, stone crumbles.

Unpossessed abandoned land is best, unpossessed  
peoples.

Un-history of places, lingering life, the human  
essence of inhuman spaces, a silence without centre.

Flower-shelves, dark overhangs, constituents,  
molecular dead inheriting the soil, intensifying  
the yellow of starlike flowers, the pale of turf.

An atom here or there must still be there. The mind  
abrades, but time does not erode, erase all traces.

What we hold back is our particular power over death,  
the private mind, the voice of the aftermath of talk  
of quiet places, the inner logic, the consonance  
that other sounds fragment. This landscape also,  
a continuous self, untouched identity,  
the best of places, uncultivated, clear.

## Quarries

These shelves of rock are stands of light-filled leaf,  
green water welling from stone, pale bays of air,  
split flakes, unweathered, scattered on the grass,  
sinews of silence, where the deep call of hidden birds  
falls through lassitudes of air, and pine-tree height.  
Here nothing demands our presence, breeze on breeze,  
loses itself in showers of light on leaf.  
Easy to vanish here, to evaporate outwards,  
into the unknowable otherness of the earth,  
into air, rock, soil, the insect labyrinth,  
the darkness, lichen-lipped, of broken walls,  
the undisturbed, unkempt, the undeclared,  
the shelves of anonymous stillness.

World must miss us later if not sooner, and if self-love  
is what this love is, greater than human longing,  
that makes some live more in the solitary mind  
than in affection, though they love deeper or as deeply,  
love that is also the losing of the mind in things  
that are, that we must lose, their revelation,

which taken inwards is then carried inwards speechless, dark, goes deepest in those least well equipped to return its gift, through delight, joy, feeling and affection, but still the prime mover of that traveller who vanishes into self, into his own.

These shelves of rock nourish the isolate self, its solitude - are loved for what they are, neutrality and not indifference, having no stake in humanity neither facing towards us nor away, unimplicated undirected, pure of all intent. These bays of time are like the miraculous curves of the sea, they are filled with grace, are launchpads of the spirit, and in them our profligate pulse of transient process grows fainter, deeper, calmer, until it shades into the mirror of space behind the skyline. Not ours, but some other power digs down here into the core of the self, creates as it destroys.

## The Green Man

Behind the leaves, man in nature stands  
the human staring out of living stone.  
Reality resists knowing and remains  
in mouths that strain, in leaves that coil,  
is curve, the singing flute, is Marsyas.

God of headlands and millennial light  
heavy from his journey. God of masks,  
saying god is not love, only presence,  
a waiting in the moment, of the air,  
heavy-leaved Orpheus of the foliate crown,  
oak, laurel, birch, black poplar.

King of the dark, slave of this murmuring wood,  
Janus bi-face who arrests the mind  
with terror and with pity. What is between  
an age that lives by vision, and this age ?  
What tongue moves in the severed head ?

## He

Through all these forms, silently he plays.

In all these forms he rests, and is fettered.

Formless, only in form he finds himself.

Willing himself in all forms is his freedom.

Free of our prison he weds himself to being.

Endlessly being he reveals himself.

Through all these forms we would be free of,

In this bondage that constrains us,

He is the spirit of the head that's severed.

Where he sings no time passes.

He is Bran, Orpheus, and is Siva.

Through all these forms , silently, he plays.

## Creatures

Keepers of fire, in the dark, remembered places  
of the soul, in the depths of the mind, beyond all gods  
transients of feeling, mystic names  
where meaning glimmers. Our naming, and our  
touching.

Out of such grace, such life, such beauty comes  
of what in us is source, is inception,  
the bright fires of feeling, voiceless flames,  
in the consonance from which our being came.

Why then are they our shadows,  
still beyond us, in a past we cannot recover ?

## Aquarius

Slowly the sun sinks under the world.  
White moon rising in Aquarius,  
return us to the first unknown freedom  
the first exquisite freedom of the Earth

We are so unfree.  
There is another truer clear dimension  
where poise matters, and affection,  
the first dimension where our life began.

Now with all our knowing, we could be tender  
Now we could love Earth as never before,  
as the first men loved before knowledge,  
as the first women loved before possession,

their spirits alive in the dry grass oceans,  
before we owned earth, time, each other.  
The old earth, the oldest universe,  
alive in the pale sky, the evening cloud.

Now we could love the glow of earth,

naked on the threshold of being,  
and the Present, clearest of gifts.  
No more greatness, so unfree,

The Past not delimiting, the Future not unfolding.  
Waiting for the flame of life, till it comes again,  
when it comes again, waiting.  
It will come again.

## Be in Me

In me like the sky, exterior mirror,  
mind's outer echo, dark surface of feeling,  
over which thought of you passes.  
In me, not possession but relation,  
silent without intention, clear  
of memory, of word.

Be and become, deepening challenge,  
force always new, always beyond  
that which you think you are,  
weakened or bounded.

In me not as you know yourself,  
but as I know you, outside the limitation  
world creates in its creatures, wordless now, free

Be the image, created as if without love,  
so truly loved, that in the one declaration,  
love pours out of the anonymous mouth,  
from object to mind, so that all possible truth  
murmurs inside it.

Be in the final act wholly yourself,  
You who unknowingly granted all this to me,  
all overflowing - You the all-human  
standing against space and time, as a statue  
freed by the hand stands against stones,  
itself half-emerging out of its alien world.

Be both the ache and the sweetness,  
dread in the veins, shaking with lightening force  
the crown of the tree. Be beauty and fear.  
Sing to me softly of Earth, that brings us forgiven  
back to our source in the heart.  
Sing of necessity greater than pleasure or pain,  
purpose or understanding.

Sing to me softly of Earth, soothe the dull heart.  
Declare all is to come, over and over,  
again and again, Mind and its lover  
Body, their book, new and unbroken.  
Show me the silence that comes  
when out of pure giving, suddenly spirit becomes  
subtle and tender, when sex touches on sex,  
like star within cloud, or moon  
in the inward mirror touching on light.

## Dream

Of what man has the power to know  
of what man is.

( Mountains of light, staring out  
across the dream of desert.  
Empty earth, of being without self-knowing,  
of mirrors without reflection )

There are three things to unlearn.  
( Mountains of dawn, silent under morning,  
above the white smoke of our footsteps)

Not to believe.  
Not to follow.  
Not to own.

## Be

Be, in the Moment's power.

Be, in eternity.

Be, in the silence that the world leaves.

This is the only thing you are.

This is the passing hour.

This is the meaning of life's mask.

Love, and in your love be true.

Know, and in your knowing pity.

Remember, in your heart, remember.

## Season

Man is the gardener now, in the garden empty of gods,  
dreams the cold fountains and the frozen streams,  
the stone grass, the ice earth, the statues.

There are figures there, Goya's doll faces,  
the blind-man's-buff of movement.

No touch, no taste,  
under the crystal, clarion, brilliance.  
This season now, where we are most at home.

## Winter Walk

The gush of air and light in the dark trees  
that makes firs sigh greenly together  
is like a bent rower with the sky on his back  
rowing through the depths of the wood, through time,  
is like Gauguin's bareback rider of riversides  
who crouches under whiplike branches.

Space roars but we come down to the small meadow's,  
sunlit silence. It is like leafing through  
Breughel's towers , hells, landscapes, and coming  
across the drawing of human figures, on paths  
of light, flickering among trees, where at last  
individuals, walk, and talk, and the silence waits  
for time to flow, for Rembrandt to begin.

## Pissarro

The world, flickering, is still.  
The truly-loved, concentrated on  
becomes our own image of our existence.  
Place by place remembering what is loved.

The pure technique, in having no observer,  
no desire, free of time's claims and its obligation,  
speaks in a place beyond that movement teaches,  
a place of light, and light's delirium.

Fearful touch, like mouth on mouth, or arm on arm  
ensnaring, in the undemanded future.  
A space, of something seen by love  
its silent eye.

Mind, centrifuge of flame, still circling  
the fall of light on walls, the leaves, the roads.  
A spring and autumn landscape of the heart.  
And colour, like a god, humbly passing.

## **How To**

Time then, and the Earth shifts under our feet.  
Terror. Courage is to be our own firmness  
a pillar of fire.

In the cage of History, one more or less.  
But to be a voice, a mind, a pair of eyes.

## Pressure

Stillness behind the moon lifts up the hills.  
Tongues press greenly on the word.  
White foam in the sea's bowl is the spine  
of the silent minotaur's emerging.

In mind is the pressure of the mirror,  
the unbreathing night darker than a stone.  
What is this beating in the cage of bone ?  
O round white mouth forever searching.

## The Garden

Respect them,  
the animal eyes,  
where we are.

See now, there,  
the Nothingness flower,  
contain us.

Acknowledge  
body, mind, process,  
discover the sacred.

Examine  
how silence, stillness invade  
what no-one made.

Consider  
the empty garden now.  
Attend.

# **Talking To The White Goddess**

## Invocation

Moon-creature precious of desire  
tender in faithfulness of light  
how shall I touch your perfect fire ?

Suffering that breathes above me now,  
beyond obedience to be,  
Beauty will you itself allow ?

Peace of these constellations' calm  
night of the mind that must endure  
harbour the love in us from harm.

Power to the very utmost keep  
the loved, the loving from despair  
drowned where they lie in Eros-sleep.

Moon-creature precious of desire  
faithful in tenderness of light,  
how shall I touch your perfect fire ?

## **Rowan**

You are the shoulder of light above  
the blackbird's way.

Delicate you throw yourself  
from the high rock.

Bruised lips part in the arms of sky  
on arms of stone.

O centre of the circle,  
and sacred second letter.

Eyes of the future open  
in your arrow-shaped leaf-blades.

## **Care**

Heavier than air my care for you  
but lighter than leaves the wind blows through.

O darker than night my care-in-love  
yet brighter than breath of light above.

O sharper than pain my love of you  
but sweeter than that delight that through  
the body sends its fire.

### Touch

Sweet as the touch of light  
or eyelids' touch of fire  
lips touch in deepest night  
the tremor of desire.

Mind in the night's excess  
touches the dark of air  
its silent tenderness  
almost too much to bear.

Sweet as your touch so light  
it barely stirs the night  
its elemental deep  
beyond the call of sleep.

## Moon-Song

Child of the moon  
in moonlight known  
your beauty shines  
on all I own

Child of the light  
within the night  
from you each gift  
of touch and sight

Child of the heart  
within my arms  
be free from fear  
and all life's harms

## **Based on an Irish Song ( 7<sup>th</sup> Century )**

You're the white flower of the rowan.  
You're the sweet flower of the blackberry.  
You're the silence of the moonlight  
between midnight and dawn.

You're my heartbeat, you're my secret  
you're the miracle of the greenwood  
you're the ring-dove's soft cooing  
in the silence of dawn.

**Three Anonymous Rondeaux**  
**(Translated from the 13th C. French)**

"Est-il Paradise, amie ?"

Is there Paradise beloved  
any Paradise but love ?  
None that's for our eyes beloved.  
Is there Paradise beloved ?  
He who lies in his love's arms  
all of Paradise has found.  
Is there Paradise beloved  
any Paradise but love ?

"Encore un chapelet ai "

Always a garland I keep  
that was my love's.  
Given to me in joy so deep  
always a garland I keep.  
For her sake it ever sleeps  
with me always.  
Always a garland I keep  
that with her lay.

"Trop me regardez, amie, souvent "

Too much you gaze at me, love often  
your sweet looks are caught by all men.  
Heart that would love in sweetest heaven  
(too much you gaze at me , love, often )  
should not reveal its love to all men  
but should guard itself from treason.  
Too much you gaze at me, love, often  
your sweet looks are caught by all men.

**Three More Anonymous Rondeaux**  
**(Translated from the Medieval French)**

“Toute seule passerai le vert boschage” C13

Lonely I'll wander in the green woodland  
since company I have none.

If I've lost my lover by my own hand,  
lonely I'll wander in the green woodland.

I'll send him a message he'll understand  
that I'll mend what I have done.

Lonely I'll wander in the green woodland  
since company I have none.

" Ne me mettez en oubli " C15

Do not put me from your mind  
my sole comforter, my good  
who of all the world I would  
love the best of all I find.

My love gentle, true and kind  
if my heart you've understood

do not put me from your mind.

Let us be of one sweet mind  
that is what I ask of you.  
Since with you I chose to bind,  
do not put me from your mind.

" La fiance que j'ai en vous " C15

The faith that I have in you  
my only friend, my chosen one  
makes me forget my martyrdom  
and all my great suffering too.

One day we'll meet again we two.  
What is it that makes me say so ?  
The faith that I have in you.

We will, by god, despite those few  
who would have wished to say us no.  
None but god can hurt us though.

This is the root of all my good,  
the faith that I have in you.

## New Moon

Tender, so tender, arc of slender light,  
new under the dark, collecting starlight.

Pale beauty, loveliest of all.

White stillness that frees me in the gulfs of time  
for inner journeys to the kindest source,  
the sweet heart of the Earth.

New Moon rising from the dying sun,  
new life returning.

Softly you passed the shadows, safely came  
open into the new beginning of the spirit,  
into the birth of the gentlest aspect,  
the conjunction where mind and feelings meet

I knew you there, hidden,  
and then seeing you born suddenly beyond the earth,  
curved again like a woman taking  
the universe into her arms.

Through the dark space you came,  
of time and distance, healed and whole  
from the sun's warm giving,

from the places of loss and departure,  
risen again to life.

Moon fixed in memory where my deepest feelings  
touch, intense the sphere of your circling.

Secret, careless child of our unknown  
and unknowing oceans of the spirit.

Well of compassion. Sensitive bowl  
of the electric shadows.

Reborn again. Moon of mind's seas,  
now setting swiftly following the sun,  
to come again in the new life,  
in the heart's bright renewal.

### **In You**

In you I drown and all my senses end.  
What sense remains where I in you am drowned?  
The drowned self is beyond the body's sense.  
The end of all my self in you remains.

The self remains when sense is drowned in you.  
You are the sense of self where I am drowned.  
What is the body's sense where self remains?

I drown in you where all my senses end.

## Song

Love is just a dying  
a sweetness and a sighing.  
A transient of light,  
love is, in the night.

Love is just a dying,  
the descant of that song  
we cannot suffer long,  
the closeness, the denying.  
Love is just a dying.

Love is just a dying,  
the mystery's untying.  
A miracle of light  
are lovers in the night.

Love is just a dying.

## Ardour's Tower

Beyond desire,  
I climbed with secret heart on fire,  
among  
bright winds of night  
that bring the light.

Sweet flowers of May,  
now are gone silently away,  
in mind,  
blown memory's  
done ecstasies.

Pure winds of night  
from our deep fears give us respite.  
In Ardour's tower  
we stand  
at midnight's hour.

## Alphabet

Flower of the hawthorn.  
Shoulder of moonlight.

Shoulder of the holly.  
Silver of moonlight.

Silver of the birch-tree.  
Fountain of moonlight.

Fountain of the willow.  
Shadow of moonlight.

Shadow of the alder.  
Secret of moonlight.

Secret of the apple.  
Sweetness of moonlight.

Sweetness of the rowan.  
Delight of the moonlight.

Delight of the hazel.

Wisdom of moonlight.

Wisdom of the reed.

Spirit of moonlight.

Spirit of the poplar.

Slenderness of moonlight.

Slenderness of aspen.

Whiteness of moonlight.

Whiteness of the blackberry.

Beauty of moonlight.

## **Alternan**

Little hazel-bush by the deep pool.  
Little tree of wisdom over clear water.  
I will remember you for ever.

Sweetness and grace and the knowledge of pity.  
Little hazel-tree in the green silence.  
Little tree of wisdom over still water.

## Fire

Love is the fire that wraps us round.  
Love is the flame that sears the ground.  
Love is the light that blinds the eye.  
Love is the pyre on which we lie.  
Love is the shirt of pain that burns,  
the unbearable knife, the body that yearns.  
Love is the maker, love is the form,  
love is the reed in the howling storm.  
Love is the river, love is the night,  
love is the sea, love has the right.  
Love is the talon that descends.  
Love is the guardian, love is the friend.  
Love is the unattained desire.  
Love is the jealous eye. Love is the liar.  
Love is the music, love is the rhyme,  
love is the final hostage of time.  
Love is the dark fire, Eden's fall.  
Love is the light, that raises all.

## **Bird On Briar**

(An Anonymous Lyric from The Medieval English)

Bird on briar, Bird, Bird on briar,  
Nature comes of love, love to crave.  
Careless bird, for me, for me have care,  
Or make you, fair, for me, make me my grave.

I am so careless-bright, bird on briar,  
when I see that fair hind, hind in hall.  
She is white of limb, lovely, true.  
She is fair and flower, flower of all.

Might I her willing, willing , have,  
Faithful of love, lovely, true,  
from my pain I might, I might be saved,  
joy and bliss were for, were for me new.

## Heart Be Still

Heart be still, heart, heart be still,  
never returning, mind, returning.  
Life of the will, make, life of will,  
not of body, of body's burning.

Her form fills the eye, eye on fire.  
She is lustre, of lustre, bright.  
She is all of joy, joy's desire,  
light of dark sea, dark of night.

Mind be still, mind, mind be still,  
light on the mountain, mountain moving.  
Cloud on the hill, cloud, cloud on hill,  
love in the mind, love, ever-loving.

## 'Irish Kind'

Mermaid slipped through the dark wave  
courting danger, always leaping,  
throwing yourself to the other side of being.

Open the black hill for me, the high fall,  
the peat's depth, the sad lough, the bath of the sun.  
Open the side of the dark slope for me,  
the heart's pool, the deep waters.

Give me the shadow lane, the copse, the dumb thicket  
where the blackbird flies.

In the teeth of the wind from your homeland,  
show me your mermaid-hair wet with the sea, the  
leaping, the dying.

Cry out the spell for me, hazel-bush, may-thorn,  
white in the blossom, lost, bound by air's silence.  
Call the deep drowning.

## See

See if the heart can bear  
touch that is light as fire  
beyond all thought or care,  
lips of a sweet desire.

Once to the heart it comes,  
burns the mind as it dumbs,  
once and then not again,  
touch that is ache and pain.

See if the body holds  
touch that is pure as gold,  
over the hands and hair,  
body of love's despair.

See if the heart can keep  
touch that is lost in sleep  
further than furthest light  
of the mind's dark goodnight.

## The Goddess

To each, giving, generous, lovely, not to one only.  
To others speaking her secrets of utterance, never  
uniquely.

To each merciful, pitying, renewing, repeating.  
To all various, hidden, wild, concealing.  
Of each indiscriminate, taking her lovers, coldly.  
Over all, victorious, tyrannous, tender, yielding.  
Beyond each, careless, wondering, unsurprised.  
To each cruel, gentle, fierce, demanding,  
spreading her favours, asking, taking, needing,  
mocking jealousy, pleased, from all receiving,  
owning with each enacting, soothing, sating,  
goadng each, driving, bleeding, tormenting.

From each learning, all knowing, seeing,  
true, easy, wordless, unsated, pliant.  
In each trusting, to each holding, defenceless,  
defended by magic, sowing. By each held sacred,  
by each honoured, cursed, cried out on, embittering.  
Over each arching, under each cradling,  
into each flowing, beyond each sighing.  
From each distant, warmest to least known,

turning on nearest, declivities revealing.  
From each asking, thanking, wishing, gifts  
piled forgotten, wealth vanishing ,crushing,  
drawing the core, dragging the root, spending.

To each one faithful, faithless, impartial, smiling,  
each one absorbing, holding, lying, watching dying.  
From each learning the spell, then binding,  
in each finding the vision, then blinding.  
Mermaid of mirage, sybil's echo,  
white-browed, gold-haired, red-lipped, long-fingered.  
For each the one voice, various, compelling,  
innocent, loving, darkness, disaster ,dispelling,  
all fears, curses, hexes on wise men, wild  
for her nature's places, earth's swelling.  
By each charmed, shafts of her full quiver, giving  
tremor, unsigned testament of her lightning.

Naked, incalculable, cautious, bold,  
moon-opposite, sun-quencher, star-delayer,  
serving hope, stirring envy, raising from chagrin,  
the dumbfounded lover. Unreasoning, proud  
of her lunar resilience, controlling, commanding  
of all her elements, aspects, figures, childish then  
woman,

touching the infant, granting leave, withholding,  
restless, poured out, relinquished, flowing.  
From each asking the universe, yielding the earth.  
To each returning stillness, choice, by his will,  
bloodied, bloodless, leafy, lit, be-flowered,  
intense and momentary, easeful, eternal.

From whom the silence, night, and the deep wood,  
the word of unknowing, the white-limbed whispering.  
From whom inscrutable truth, blind life, the hidden  
face.

## Cen Áinius

( From the 9th Century Irish - treochair metre)

Cen áinius  
In caingen do-rigénus;  
nech ro-charus ro-cráidius.

No joy for us,  
in that deep vow I made for us,  
cruel to what was precious.

Graciously,  
except god came between us then,  
I'd given what he asked of me.

Unseeingly,  
he takes the road, away from me,  
pain now, but then eternity.

A foolishness  
to turn that heart towards distress,  
where once I showed such gentleness.

I, Liadan,  
who time gone loved Cuirithir,  
nor can deny the cherished man.

I still will bless  
the time that I was at his side  
and treated him with tenderness.

The wind-filled trees  
were my pure song with Cuirithir,  
and movement on the sunlit seas.

Then, so it seemed,  
no crueller thing could ever be,  
than to wake us, where we dreamed.

Call out to him,  
that if this heart loved any one  
more than all others, it was him.

For me the pain,  
of what's inside, the hurt and strain,  
losing him - never whole again.

## Rose

Hedge-rose,  
gentleness,  
the world crushes.

Dog-rose,  
wildness,  
earth crushes.

Sweetness,  
tenderness,  
being crushes.

Briar,  
Briar, rose of the thorns,  
you  
night crushes.

Rose, Rose  
of no-time,  
light crushes.

## Adapted from the Gaelic

You are whiter than the swan is,  
you are whiter than the gull is,  
you are whiter than the snow is,  
you are whiter than the sky.  
You're the whiteness of the rowan,  
that subdues every anger.  
You're the white foam of the ebb-tide.  
You're the white waves of the flood-tide.

## Starlight

White star in the grass,  
mattress of stars,  
by the blackberry root,  
by briar-white of blackberry.

Star by the thorn.

White star by the fern.

White straw of stars,  
four-fold petal-form, six-leafed  
flower of the turf.

Star, star, on star,  
smaller than eyes, eye bright.

White star, white star, star in the grass.

Part, to be part,  
to be part of this.

White star in the grass.

## Various

Drowned by love, remember she is moon-led,  
mistress of invocations, jealousies, expert in delay,  
drawing tides in from her first slender arc  
to the white full, weaver of shows,  
scattering radiance, matching the light she yields  
to how the gold of sun shines on her,  
discriminate in angers, engendering illusions  
to bring all to her subtle ease and calms.

Buried by fire, remember these are her ways,  
immanence, rightness, fury, time-driven transience,  
deaf to entreaties, then relenting, mask-wearing,  
savourer of subjections, waiting tribute,  
giving random play, spreading nets gently,  
noosing tightly, in show of love, in rare deceit,  
cooling, then warming, watching the nest of rivals  
fight to outdo each other, in the grass.

Blown in the air, remember her beguiling.  
Leasing the night, losing all common kindness  
is part of her masque, her mistrust of words  
not of her silence out of which words are born.

Live on hope unpromised, vows unmade,  
signs lost in the stream.

Buried deep, a dead man, remember  
her seasons of light and her seasons of darkness.  
Nothing new the cold sweat at her deceptions,  
liaisons, pain of the knowing and the not-knowing.  
She is awareness, sower of dreams, maker of  
hesitations,  
merciless in all counter-recriminations,  
yielding inside refusal, a vortex of light and air.  
Dead man remember, all elements are hers.

## She

She exhibits in white flowers and leaf-dark trees,  
the triangular hill, the briared and berried lane,  
is white-thorn and the purple line of furrows,  
shadow of hedges, smell of festering ditches,  
wood-sorrel, meadow-sweet, the burnet-rose.  
Glittering she is light-shreds over alien fields.  
Her birds flight the shadows above white rock.  
She waits at the gate, by doorways, in the corners  
of unprotected, unspent spaces, astonishes,  
is joy, the strangeness that stares out from nature  
through visionary angle. She is the source's impulse,  
the spring from stones, and is absence, stillness,  
less than nothing, the worn and unworn threshold,  
the new and un-new moon. She shows herself  
in seasons, surprises silence, in dark of nettle,  
in sea of furze, bends down as birch, shivers in aspen.  
She is three ways, three trees, three parts of the year,  
her name is of three letters, air and light move,  
where she turns her head, earth and water  
where she takes in her lovers.

## Mermaid

On the rock of silence  
you sit, your hands are bright.

In the mirror of silence  
white gleams, red burns, gold glistens.

One claims your comb,  
your skin, your hair in the light.

You murmur of spray that appears, slopes that shine.  
You fill spaces, empty them, light as a wave.

They yield to you soft mouths of whiteness,  
the salt-urns bitter with brine.

The dark stone weeps with fire.  
They are ploughing your shining furrows.

On the rock of silence,  
you sit, your hands are bright.

# **Fifty Dragons For Shen Lung**

1.

Keeping his counsel  
in the green jade  
that dragon who knows so much about us.

2.

This clear night, brightest of moons.  
Is it true we are parted  
only by the Dragon of the Milky Way ?

3.

Your sleepy head  
Shen Lung watches  
with one eye closed.

4.

At daylight you leave  
the dragon in sheets of cloud,  
wearyed from gathering dew.

5.

Through clear water  
see the coiled dragon.  
Asleep at last that snake of jealousy.

6.

Visible like dragon veins,  
the deep love that does not speak.

7.

Suddenly hearing a voice  
from the dragon boat.  
Will you ever know her true name ?

8.

Over all the summer sky  
red scales of the dragon.

9.

In the white porcelain  
one sign for "blue" and "dragon".

10.

What Shen Lung sees and knows  
he can never tell.

11.

Like a dragon in the clouds  
thinking of her  
fondly in a dream.

12.

Trust your sleep  
to this pillow.  
One dragon riding  
on a curtain of mist.

13.

What did we find  
beyond the mountain  
dragon rain, dragon clouds ?

14.

Gone in a moment  
the Dragon of a Thousand Years.

15.

The white wake of the dragon  
is this passing world.

16.

Beauty that shakes the whole body.  
The breath of the dragon.

17.

O Lady of the Jade Mountain  
ride the rising dragon vortex.

18.

In the East the green dragon.  
In the North the "dark warrior".

19.

Feng-shui is "wind and water".

Not to disturb the sleeping dragon.

20.

Coiled around the vase.  
Is this only a painted dragon ?

21.

Carried through seven heavens,  
seeing you in a dream.

22.

Floating clouds conceal his shape.  
Misted thought, dims  
the neglected mirror.

23.

Plum-flowers drift in the dark bed.

Moon-shadows deepen in the fragrant pool.

24.

Over the energies  
of the heavens  
flies the true dragon.

25.

Alone again what have I ?  
The dragon's wake  
the dragon's track.

26.

Again and again  
I think of you  
free like the white cloud,  
silent like the pale water.

27.

Northern winds savour of winter.  
The white fall is cold with spray

28.

Behind that mountain  
lives the dragon,  
mysterious in its dark valley.

29.

This waning moon  
has lost its splendour.  
Shen Lung will breathe new life again.

30.

You do not need  
to dream of me.  
Only accept  
this silent friend.

31.

In the silence of the night  
one dragon gazes at the Moon.

32.

Those who talk do not know.  
Shen Lung knows  
but does not speak.

33.

What do the white clouds  
know about sadness ?  
What do the dark waters

know about love ?

34.

This helpless heart  
turned inside out  
by the dawn wind.

35.

The jade congealed  
in the morning  
shows where the dragon passed.

36.

Waited and yearned  
in the dragon silence.

37.

It was for you  
the dragon came.

38.

Mask of snow  
and fragrance of flowers.  
Mist on the dawn tree.

39.

Was it the dragon only  
stirred the tangled heart ?

40.

Did I choose you ?

Did you choose me ?  
Dreaming each other  
we both awoke.

41.

Nothing is lost.  
The dragon found  
its own image  
in the clouds.

42.

Fragrant with the scent  
of shallow water  
this bowl filled  
with the beauty of plum-flowers.

43.

Too far off to see him.  
At last the clear dragon.

44.

Who is she ?  
Who am I ?  
A deep longing  
confuses the mind.

45.

All night through  
the bright dragon  
tossing and turning  
in the clouds.

46.

At the great dragon  
gaze all your life.  
When the dawn comes  
bring me your perfume.

47.

See the dragon  
touch the moon  
white fire  
across his scales.

48.

Like smoke, like water,  
these thoughts and dreams.

49.

Dim in the new light  
the vanishing dragon.

50.

After these words  
see the real Shen Lung.

# **Three Pines And A Buddha**

1.

White lotus -  
and in its arms  
feel the dragonfly.

2.

Not I -  
under your  
eye-lids  
you hide.

3.

On the sheet  
of brown water  
the mandarin ducks -  
two lives  
on the one surface.

4.

This rain that falls  
into the heart  
of the lotus  
empties time.

5.

The eyelid - opened  
to reveal  
one drop  
in which you are.

6.

Under the rain-fall  
no mind.

7.

The poem's surface  
covers

with a fine lacquer  
life's black ink  
and gold thread.

8.

The insect  
surprised by red dawn  
vaguely  
hesitates in the air.

9.

How  
will the tethered boat  
ever shake itself  
free ?

10.

The boat -  
grounded in the shallows  
collects water-plants  
croaking frogs

pale fish.

11.

One flame -  
that exhausted  
everything  
condemns  
and exalts a life.

12.

You need -  
an infinite space  
without selfishness  
around you.

13.

On the frozen lake  
the Emperor  
shoots bright arrows  
across banks of snow.

14.

The ice -  
at your heart  
an ominous silence.

15.

That Buddha  
cannot feel  
the dragon of rain and cloud  
joyously dancing  
on his head.

16.

Azure sea  
azure sky  
over which  
we float  
in a dream.

17.

Fragile though -  
this pain  
that a whole life  
cannot contain.  
From compassion  
pledge and trust.

18.

The seven petals  
of the wild flower  
are not the totality  
of your name,  
this fragrance  
is not your fragrance.

19.

The cat falls  
confused  
by the butterfly.

20.

The poet always knows

the sting at the core of the flower

21.

The eye  
does not wait  
for the mind  
to hear the line.

22.

The curious stare  
from the face of mindless nature  
concerns me.

23.

True knowledge  
is afraid  
of knowing.

24.

This flower  
without eyes.

25.

Waking -  
to moonlight  
in the night.  
You being  
the opposite  
of emptiness.

26.

Again and again -  
in the one night  
water falling  
on the sea.

27.

Blanched earth -  
without desire  
at last  
the empty god

in the deserted field  
sleeps on white stalks.

28.

What if then  
when pain ends  
so does joy ?

29.

This screen  
peopled with others' emotions  
leaves mine outside.

30.

The fear -  
and the pain  
of deep love  
part of the same joy.

31.

This different water

moves but is the same thing's  
cold waterfall.

32.

Pressed against my side,  
how to shrink you  
into my heart  
already there.

33.

No sound  
of the waterfall's  
great sound.

34.

Even when I stop  
to consider  
this silent Buddha  
the pain of being  
keeps on moving.

35.

How to judge  
what never judges -  
the inhuman either way.

36.

Pine mist  
and white fire  
cover the country  
of autumn silence.

37.

Mouth to mouth -  
one spirit explores  
another spirit  
in the new landscape.

38.

Across the bridges  
of time  
I will follow  
your imaginary breath.

39.

Who is  
speaking here ?  
Nothing  
present,  
and no-one past.

40.

Two leaves  
lie over each other  
under the basin's  
stone sill.

41.

A flute  
played  
in the invisible evening  
at Loyang long ago.

42.

Through the enchanting  
autumn moonlight  
imagining a goddess  
vanishing in the cloud.

43.

Overpowering beauty -  
the fragrance  
of the yellow azalea.

44.

In the mirror -  
the flower opens  
to allow a drop  
of dew deep inside.

45.

This pale flower  
in the dawn light  
dusts my white pillow.

46.

On the thorn hedge  
sharp sparrows  
and flowers of may.

47.

That to which you say no  
I too will quietly resist.

48.

Intermingling -  
after flowering  
the implicit fragrance.

49.

Resonance  
in the flesh -  
the bronze bell  
still humming  
in the walls  
of the temple.

50.

The singing serpents  
of wistaria branches  
suddenly clotted  
with flowers.

51.

Under your  
closed eyes  
see  
the spirit singing.

52.

Closing your eyes  
suddenly you can hear  
smell, feel.

53.

Breathe once  
and the water  
of her beauty  
will be clouded.

54.

Lie -  
on my breast  
and be  
the child of eternity.

55.

White plum-flower  
bows to the lotus.  
Red peony  
bows to the chrysanthemum.

56.

Gold letters  
and grey script  
on the pure snow.  
Branches dipped  
in the pure ink  
of midnight.

57.

Between two dreams  
this other  
day of life.

58.

Circles of light -  
the pool of water  
has had an idea.

59.

Water falling on water  
washes the whole earth.

60.

The river of rain  
makes us cling together  
more closely  
warming the heart.

61.

Who knows why  
tonight  
you are more passionate?  
A memory held hostage forever?

62.

Which little piece of me  
is held  
between the lines ?

63.

Silver dust  
on the dark landscape  
is this fine grain  
of sentiment  
you deride.

64.

Yourself  
which you consider  
of no value  
I value.  
The selfless mirror.

65.

Out of the fog  
the river emerges  
black and slow.

66.

Overpowering -  
the sweetness  
of the accumulated emotion  
of echoing fortuity.

67.

Overcoming first fears  
you accept  
this poured-out gold  
this innocuous lightning.

68.

I am  
the space  
I do not see  
enclosed  
by the space  
I see.

69.

Now a memory  
is already buried

in this mind  
waiting to become present.

70.

Heart of ice -  
you thaw  
are suddenly gold.

71.

I carry it  
from day to day  
this sadness  
which will not go away -  
lingering.

72.

Sometimes -  
the mind is monstrous.  
Sometimes -  
the body is culpable.

73.

Sap is a strange gold  
in the straw of green  
this rush of life  
under the leaf's surface.

74.

A carpet  
of young fir-trees  
the dragon  
of mist  
on its back.

75.

Moon  
deep in your body  
draws the tides  
of azure and silver.

76.

That noise  
of the cuckoo -

something deep  
in yourself is  
answering back.

77.

What we have deciphered  
after great pain  
was there to be known  
from the very beginning.

78.

Grateful -  
if in this scattering of ash  
there remains one grain of gold.

79.

Your tongue  
is the pen  
that writes  
my spirit -  
mouth of an angel.

80.

I know how your whole being  
flushes into your throat  
and shoulder-blades  
become wings.

81.

Still the red bee  
refuses to die  
at the heart of the flower.

82.

The poem  
does not describe  
the form  
which is not  
the poem.

83.

I do not express  
the poem

which is not  
the pain in me.

84.

What is there  
that a deep love  
does not call in question  
profoundly?

85.

Mouth  
against mouth  
the touch  
of the idea.

86.

One thread of vein  
from heart  
to heart  
pulls tight.

87.

In the dark sheets  
full of fragrance  
the mind  
trying to stave off  
the dawn.

88.

A worship  
given  
without thought.

89.

Where all these words  
come from  
one old man is going.

90.

A glass  
of water  
douses  
the flame

of pain.

91.

In one sigh  
the white peony  
disburdens itself  
on the ground  
the hand touches.

92.

There is a dark sweet pain  
that comes from the heart  
of the rose.

93.

Odour of pine  
that clings  
to the fingers.

94.

In the ancient courtyards  
too many gods  
and cherry-trees.

95.

The Buddha -  
one grey stone  
in a basket of rice.

96.

The magic alchemical alphabet  
of sun and rain  
in which all our foolishness  
is written.

97.

The sound created  
the idea of the frog.  
The idea of the frog  
created the idea  
of the sound.

98.

Are you the blind river-nymph  
of midnight's bed -  
the fragrance of wet flowers ?

99.

On top  
of the mountain -  
no more world.

100.

Mouths full of fragrance.  
Plum-blossom mixed with perfume.  
Night after night  
our singing souls  
crossing an azure sea.

101.

The heart  
of the flower  
which opened

is not in time.

102

Sound of flags  
and prayer-wheels  
from the heap  
of stones.

103.

With this breath  
only love.

104.

Feel this Buddha's pain  
cold bronze  
under your hand.

105.

Touch Once more  
this body of love

that lifted you up  
and now  
cannot let you fall.

106.

Feeling the invisible  
Buddha inside the visible core.

107.

Alone  
the eye  
watches  
the moonlit wall.

108.

Now it is revealed  
what hides  
at the white chrysanthemum's heart.

109.

In the bed

plum-flowers  
and the fragrance  
of eternity.

110.

This colour  
of the rose  
that we can only see  
with eyes closed.

111.

Beyond Earth  
and looking back  
the entwined butterflies

112.

The poem  
of the peony flower  
has already  
been written.

113.

Ink. Congealed breath  
where an absent  
mouth  
shows itself.

114.

This arch of being  
calls itself  
the rose.

115.

In the casing  
of hoar-frost  
the closed bud  
holds another  
springtime world.

116.

Night and Day

remotely  
touching.

117.

A column of pink light  
this flute-playing girl  
on a screen of silk.

118.

Flashing suddenly  
clearly from the dark iris  
the glance of gold.

119.

Water on grass on stone.  
The bridge over the mountain stream  
is a hundred threads of spray  
on a wooden floor.

120.

Into your hand

one spoken word  
surrounded by a mouth of fingers  
closes.

121.

Night -  
the blind goddess  
communing  
with the inside of darkness.

122.

The water-drop  
on the thorn  
waits  
and does not wait  
to fall.

123.

The child's eyes  
follow the words  
- one mind.

124.

Shoulders of ivory  
discrete form  
which brings its own  
purity.

125.

Under the stormcloud  
the ancient pine-tree  
is weary of all this turmoil.

126.

Thick-headed  
that Buddha  
of the incense sticks.

127.

Above a last patch  
of daylight

an almost full moon  
rises in the trees.

128.

Forgive  
the silent worship  
of this foolish man.

129.

When the breath  
stops  
will mind have stopped  
yet?

130.

Over the purple field  
the shadow  
of the storm  
is passing.

131.

Over all the earth  
one goddess of mercy  
with a basket of fish.

132.

The sun and moon  
are both  
lovers of earth  
the blind adorers.

133.

Dragons and demons  
of rain  
dancing  
in the cherry-trees.

134.

Over the pale sky  
a sprinkling of silver dust  
flecked with discreet gold.

135.

Suddenly  
small children  
with the heads  
of rabbits  
sit up  
in the autumn grass.

136.

My boat is tied  
to the curved bridge  
in her garden  
of red peonies.

137.

A panel  
of gold foil  
swaying  
in the autumn wind.

138.

Pine and plum

stand up  
to meet the moon.

139.

The deep radiance  
always lingers  
behind the skyline.

140.

These coarse pines  
have skirts of mist  
against the pale  
wet mountain.

141.

Slight -  
those imperfections  
that increase  
the sense of yearning.

142.

The real never stops moving.  
The unreal never moves.

143.

The point  
of pain  
is where this poet  
becomes a fulcrum.

144.

The irises  
of Van Gogh  
go to meet  
the irises  
of Korin.

145.

This indrawn  
breath of gold  
conspires to cover  
with words

the silent paper.

146.

Amongst wild irises  
the eight-fold bridge  
crosses  
the meandering stream.

147.

September -  
ending with  
a bird-filled mist.

148.

Savouring the moment  
of the plum-flowers'  
exquisite fall.

149.

Opening the six-fold sense  
all being

is in the one perception.

150.

The pine-tree points  
the hour  
of deep shadows  
in the white sand.

151.

Beauty -  
fragile as a fan of silk  
now discarded in the dawn.

152.

Poems  
divisible by zero  
all giving infinities.

153.

This pillow-book  
that lover

gives endlessly  
to lover.

154.

The Buddha that stares  
as stupidly as a fish -  
the golden carp.

155.

What is  
this world  
words inhabit?

150.

After the frost  
the flowering cherry  
slowly recovers colour  
from the pale sky.

151.

In winter twilight -

these pale leaves  
of the pieris  
are not its  
cream-of-spring.

158.

Wintersweet carries  
its pale bells  
next to the gold  
of jasmine's fall.

159.

Blue irises -  
and their deep green leaves  
a sheaf of beautiful women.

160.

This night -  
too ice cold  
to drown the spirit.

161.

The amazing  
sound of the waterfall  
thundered into my body.

162.

Hold tight  
to this earth  
that changes  
under your feet.

163.

One old giddy Buddha  
on the mountain  
drinking clouds.

164.

Fragile leaf  
touches  
fragile leaf

the white stream  
presses flat.

165.

In the heart  
of the storm  
the wood  
gives a green shout.

166.

Something in me  
keeps counting the time -  
the drummer.

167.

The demon Death  
has a hundred white masks  
and every one  
is expressionless.

168.

Under the coverlet  
talking intimately  
two mandarin ducks.

169.

Behind closed eyelids  
she is gracefully  
making love  
in a dream.

170.

Out of the pale gold sea  
rise  
blue irises  
green blades.

171.

Night-window  
opening  
onto the white  
embers  
of poplars.

172.

Pale shoulders  
give themselves  
as a pledge -  
love goes naked.

173.

The wistaria's  
mauve rain  
that keeps on  
not falling.

174.

On the back  
of the courtesan  
the efforts  
of a grand-master.

175.

Clearing the trees -  
the pure thoughts

of Tohaku.

176.

How can I find you  
in the immense darkness  
at dawn?

177.

Cedar -  
the upraised head  
of the great cobra  
that will not strike.

178.

Infinite space reddens  
then cools  
silently  
at the heart of the rose.

179.

With a flat board  
scattering  
the embers  
like words  
from a fan.

180.

Misunderstood -  
the meaning  
of the floating world.

181.

Your affection  
has the colours  
of water and moonlight-  
the colours  
of the mysterious angel.

182.

The mind aware -

the passing of its being  
echoes  
inside the bell.

183.

This paper  
wrinkled  
under one word -  
absence.

184.

Not worth remembering  
those days -  
that lengthened  
then shrunk to nothing.

185.

I will wait forever  
for the ray of light  
from behind the mountain.

186.

All those actions  
without trace,  
others are fated  
to repeat.

187.

In the cracked bowl -  
humble tea,  
plain rice.

188.

Paper is  
more patient than  
the heart.

189.

Patience of the heart  
a sheathed blade  
never drawn.

190.

Flame and light  
softly interfuse  
in the far depths  
of this flower.

191.

Peony and Chysanthemum -  
the gentle giving-way  
to a mysterious flame  
of silver and gold.

192.

Cutting  
the centuries  
with the blade  
of art.

193.

Her two hands  
clasped round her knees

the child once more  
gravely looks out.

194.

In the green garden  
trying to conceive  
the memory  
of snow.

195.

The green bamboo  
bows  
to the spirit of snow.

196.

The fragrance is deepest  
in this green garden  
empty of gods.

197.

From the small smoke

of a meeting  
the great fire  
of this love.

198.

The drum stops  
and suddenly reveals  
the continuous silence  
of Buddha.

199.

Your beauty  
like one red maple leaf  
on the screen of white and gold  
hides  
all the landscape.

200.

Only to give solace to the day  
opening yourself to the night.

201.

The moon on a sea of light  
waiting  
to find  
another floating island.

202.

Salt spray  
in drops of light  
trickles over and through  
the beach-pine's branches.

203.

In the floating world -  
the lightness  
of our feet on the earth.

204.

Black juice of the pen  
runs  
in the dragon veins  
of the poem.

205.

Reflected by black  
the light of time  
is golden.

206.

A rushlight  
of gold  
over evening snow  
cancelled my pain.

207.

Pale steam  
shrouds the window.  
Over the snow  
strange trees are walking.

208.

Love and Truth -  
if I lose you  
I lose myself

eyes-of-the-willow.

209.

Gold leaf.  
The autumn willow  
gently paints  
the stream  
in its arms.

210.

The plum-tree  
does not criticise  
the rose.

211.

On the flight  
of stone steps  
the helpless Buddhas  
collecting leaves.

212.

Over the gold bridge-rail  
I see  
the terrible power  
of spring.

213.

Green was never tender  
as in your eyes.

214.

Which drop  
of water  
are you  
in the immense  
sea ?

215.

A child in the snow  
surrounded  
by a halo of gold  
goes shaking

the heavy branches.

216.

The moisture  
in my words  
has wet  
your listening eye.

217.

The deafening  
silence  
of the gods.

218.

This precious night  
these deep feelings  
the graceful nymph  
brings as a gift  
from her land  
of rain and cloud.

219.

Sacrifice -  
the smoke of pain  
out of which  
the grace of light.

220.

The small bird waits  
as the tree-squirrel  
eats upside-down  
on the cherry-branch

221.

The pale swans float  
at the far end  
of the lake.

222.

We will conspire  
to create

the dream  
you had lost belief in.

223.

Does the shadow  
of the bird  
reflect its lost companion?

224.

Loose white feathers  
drift over  
the ruffled water.

225.

Mind trying to enter  
the invisible space  
inside the tree  
is baffled.

226.

The plum-blossom

mingles  
with the fragrance  
of moonlight.  
Its pale glow  
is the tenderness  
of milk mixed with gold.

227.

In the winter sky  
the angel of blue  
has met  
the angel of grey.

228.

One drop more  
and the stream  
will become  
empty.

229.

On the lacquered box  
the plank bridge

crosses  
the sea of wild irises.

230.

The Zen tiger  
lands gently  
on the screen.

231.

Not too much  
the sadness  
of this floating world.  
Between deep longings  
deep ecstasies.

232.

Aching  
of moon's circle  
rising  
in black branches.

233.

From the light  
suddenly  
flaring in the mirror  
the ancient warrior  
steps forward.

234.

Pruning  
the cherry-trees  
the dark clicking  
of blades.

235.

The memory  
of the waterfall  
hides  
the origin of silver.

236.

I am the idea

you see  
when you close your eyes.

237.

The deep world  
is dyed  
by the colour  
soaked  
from the rose.

238.

The objects  
wait  
in silence  
to recover  
from us  
the touch  
of the idea.

239.

The objects  
know our silence  
fear and hatred.

240.

Freed from earth  
light, the cosmic circle  
floats in formed  
and fully rounded being.

241.

Seeing again  
the rising  
full moon  
no-one here  
created.

242.

No mind  
dreamed us.  
We dreamed  
ourselves.

243.

What is real  
in us is also  
unearthly.

244.

The meaning  
of the peony flower  
is in that silence  
after the word  
has ended  
in you.

245.

The colour white  
of this peony  
has become  
the flower.

246.

The alchemy  
of the emblem  
mingled with  
the alchemy  
of the word.

247.

Here  
where everything disperses  
to make  
something which does not disperse.

248.

From the bell-shaped flower  
the faint sounds  
of blue nocturnal silver.

249.

The fire

from the heart  
can scorch  
the heart  
of the fire.

250.

Colour -  
the touch  
of ecstasy  
that light  
gave to the world.

251.

Here is the gap  
that closes  
the circle.

252.

Words  
that bewitch us  
make us simple.

253.

Too many  
dark idols  
absorbing  
warmth.

254.

The child  
is always  
outside art.

255.

No time  
from  
the aged phoenix.

256.

The only meaning  
is kindness  
and the glory

of passion  
is kindness.

257.

Spring -  
the reincarnation  
of the rose.

258.

We close  
our eyes  
and are sleep  
dream  
childhood I.

259.

Only love  
can be  
still silent  
and alive  
in radiance.

260.

Spring moonlight  
spring breeze  
opening your lips  
of water and fire.

261.

The shadow  
of the sound  
that was in us  
re-flowers  
in the mystical line.

262.

Two butterflies  
your lips  
on my eyelids.

263.

At the top  
of the mountain

three pines  
and a Buddha.

264.

From the darkness  
of the object  
the reflected light  
of the human -  
is the idea.

265.

Pounding  
the true elixir  
the hare  
in the moonlight.

266.

The god  
that cannot smell  
this incense  
bathes us  
in its fragrance.

267.

How to absorb  
the power  
and beauty  
of the world  
and not be destroyed.

268.

The radiance  
of total giving.

269.

Plum-blossom  
in the bed.  
Faith  
at the heart  
of the flower.

270.

Crazy Buddhas  
concealing the way -  
kitchen laughter.

271.

The mother  
bows down  
to the laughing child.

272.

To infinite  
tenderness  
said the rose  
I return  
infinite  
tenderness.

273.

In my beauty  
is my silence  
said the rose.

274.

This child  
is two hands  
and a mouth  
becoming mind.

275.

For two  
million years  
the mother  
and child.

276.

The world  
behind his head  
is the world  
the artist paints.

277.

In the snow's  
radiant crystals

trying  
to capture the heart.

278.

Shivering  
in the morning snow  
where have past  
and future gone ?

279.

In the silence  
of the mind  
the other half of being  
the sacred bride.

280.

The object  
alien  
walks off  
without  
its idea.

281.

Perfect the pale  
white carnation  
by the fence  
weighed down  
with white dew.

282.

Protection  
becomes trust.  
The wild  
carnation  
becomes Murasaki.

283.

Dressed in silent  
colours  
talking our silent  
love.

284.

No dust  
on the carnation's  
white silk.

285.

Hopeless  
the soft arousal  
of the spring rain.

286.

Autumn leaves  
falling in distant  
mountains -  
unspoken thoughts.

287.

Lost dishevelled  
the peony flower  
opens to the silent rain.

288.

Wondering which is longer  
the peony's day  
the pine tree's  
thousand years.

289.

Neither a mist  
nor a flower -  
a spring dream.

290.

Behind what  
silent eyelid  
the moon.

291.

What I wish for you-  
fragile

as a butterfly.

292.

Only from love  
love comes -  
and from hatred  
hatred.

293.

Beauty -  
of black stones  
in the moonlit  
river.

294.

The earth  
wheels round  
this Buddha's  
intricate fingers'  
soft shadows.

295.

No harm  
in this laughter  
sounding  
somewhere  
about the  
mountain.  
296.

Wildness -  
of the captive  
fawn.

297.

Rest your head  
and feel the peace  
the warmth  
inside the god  
that flows  
for you.

298.

A memory

echoes deep  
in an imagined  
landscape.

299.

Moon  
and flowering plum.  
White dew  
on the pine.

300.

Entwined butterflies  
an angel  
for everyone.

301.

Something there  
in the mind  
that dances  
with light  
and flames.

302.

Over the wet grass  
and paving stones -  
one tiny frog.

303.

In the bath  
of flame  
the marriage  
of spirits.

304.

Behind  
the slatted blinds  
a love  
which is  
long patience.

305.

The deep colour  
of the paper

on which  
the mind writes -  
startled me.

306.

The bull's dark blood  
stains the floor  
of the arena -  
the lances  
lie across him.

307.

Beauty is the opposite  
of transience.  
Form is the enemy  
of time.

308.

Love is  
the tenderness  
and transience  
of the rose.

309.

Never to stop  
the current  
of feeling -  
beats  
that old Buddha  
hollow.

310.

So fierce  
this feeling  
for what will pass.

311.

Eyes close  
the flower opens.  
Fragrance  
and plum-blossom  
mingle.

312.

A feeling  
emerges -  
and becomes  
the rose.

313.

From front to back  
of the sea -  
this moon  
and its power.

314.

Which way  
back  
among  
the white clouds ?

315.

These carnations  
dipped

in deep colours  
of dried paper.

316.

Passing on  
the message -  
bowed leaves  
of bamboo.

317.

What remains  
for the eye -  
the form  
when the feelings  
have separated.

318.

Having been  
so close -  
ten feet apart

infinite space.

319.

So many tracks -  
the hidden world  
has danced  
on this new snow.

320.

All these colours  
faded -  
more beautiful  
than the original.

321.

The sound  
of birds  
agitated  
by the spring.

322.

The lark -  
one pillar  
of crystal  
that falls  
through the ear.

323.

Saw for the first time  
on the morning sky's  
full moon -  
the hare  
under the cassia tree.

324.

An edge of feeling  
is needed  
to feel the edge  
of this world.

325.

How could we see

the whole world's beauty  
when one moment  
overwhelms us ?

326.

Passion sits  
on the chest  
of a blind man.

327.

Yellow sea-poppies.  
Red poppies  
of the cornfield.  
White heads of death.

328.

Bathed with love  
the child  
confuses  
light with gold.

329.

Instead of that -  
let the present  
pity the future.

330.

All that time -  
only the faint stir  
of the winds of spring.

331.

Open window -  
on always-green water  
always-blue mountain  
the ever-loving heart.

332.

Under a layer  
of frost  
a fall  
of snow  
and flowers.

333.

Water  
on the pear-blossom  
forms drops  
then falls.

334.

White powder  
white fragrance  
in this dawn  
of the dying moon.

335.

In beauty's  
uncertainty -  
its exquisite  
confirmation.

336.

On her new  
scarlet jacket

calligraphy  
of gold.

337.

Under the kingfisher covers'  
silver embroidery  
feeling  
the chill of dawn.

338.

Not too much -  
life's sadness.  
Not too much -  
knowledge of things.

339.

Stone cinnamon  
water magnolia  
the mind on fire  
at the other end  
of the sky.

340.

Light on the water  
touches  
light in the sky.  
Endlessly drifting  
the abandoned heart.

341.

In the corner  
of the garden -  
hot wall's glare  
humility of shadow.

342.

At twilight -  
no form  
only colours.

343.

Looking for  
nothing  
finding

everything.

344.

Wandering  
in the night sky  
among a million  
dreaming stars.

345.

Fabulous red  
legendary purple  
in the forest  
of the golden moon.

346.

The description  
of colour  
is the experience  
of time.

347.

Held back  
the balance  
that is almost  
escape -  
water drop  
on lotus leaf.

348.

The god  
of the northern forest  
who does not understand  
humanity.

349.

The burning  
in me  
the burning  
in you. O  
jewel in the lotus.

350.

In the fog

a swollen sun  
and silver leaves.

351.

Eyes that weep  
where  
sweet mouths meet.

352.

Weeping blood  
weeping darkness  
the fragility  
of meeting.

353.

Compassion's  
tangled threads  
like the delicate  
offerings of seaweed.

354.

Your mind  
moves  
with the rhythm  
of the moon.

355.

The golden fish  
swims up to feed  
from the emperor's hand  
out of dark water.

356.

What does it say ?  
On the ancient seal  
untranslated  
writing.

357.

Out of excess suffering  
the altar of Kwannon  
the gate of ashes

perfume  
and the phoenix.

358.

The tensions  
of red and black -  
the meeting  
of blood and darkness.

359.

The strange  
golden breath  
of unalloyed  
joy.

360.

Inside  
all which melts -  
all which becomes  
new form.

361.

What is held  
inside  
emerges  
as a golden thread.

362.

On the midnight wall  
our lives  
expressed  
in pictograms.

363.

The posterity  
of the peony  
is also expressed  
in petals.

364.

Then in us  
emerged  
the madness  
of the colours.

365.

In spring rain  
the pine  
is still drinking.

# **Six Shunga**

1.

Silence flows sweetly from your closed eyes.  
The flower of faith opens in the dawn light.  
Night of this joy, of these feelings.  
Two clear souls afloat on the endless sea.

2.

Gone beyond holding and releasing,  
this fragrance of rivers and of seas.  
No words to express your worth for me, your meaning  
the truest wind-blown flower, the deepest cloud.

3.

Whispers of love to your graceful silence.  
We make our new song until the fragrant dew.  
One night of the precious bed between sad longings  
entwines our spirits for a lifetime, ten thousand years

4.

Eyes that question chase the falling dew.  
Watching this pale sky what do you see ?  
One flower opening beneath the plum-tree's branch.  
Leaves in the moonlight making their new song.

5.

Distant silence after intimate feeling.  
This resonance is the bell-sound of the earth  
ringing in the empty moonlit garden.  
Pledging myself to the ancient faith  
I sweep again the stairs of the midnight temple.

6.

This night we climb again to the stars.  
Together again we rest on rivers and seas.  
Endlessly twined these joyous butterflies,  
these midnight blossoms falling in the dawn.

## Index Of First Lines

Under the dark tree, no Mind made us.....	6
No god, no soul, no spirit, no beyond. ....	7
Intrudes into the eye a coldness that outlasts .....	8
The moth on the leaf of night,.....	9
We are Mind and no mind made us .....	10
Past the abandoned pastures burnt in the sun,.....	12
What is there you do not doubt, the self, the line.....	14
This silver-grey landscape is where limestone weathers,.....	15
These shelves of rock are stands of light-filled leaf,.....	16
Behind the leaves, man in nature stands .....	18
Through all these forms, silently he plays.....	19
Keepers of fire, in the dark, remembered places.....	21
Slowly the sun sinks under the world. ....	22
In me like the sky, exterior mirror, .....	24
Of what man has the power to know.....	27
Be, in the Moment's power. ....	28
Man is the gardener now, in the garden empty of gods,.....	29
The gush of air and light in the dark trees.....	30
The world, flickering, is still.....	31
Time then, and the Earth shifts under our feet. ....	32
Stillness behind the moon lifts up the hills. ....	33
Respect them,.....	34
Moon-creature precious of desire .....	36
You are the shoulder of light above .....	37
Heavier than air my care for you .....	37
Sweet as the touch of light.....	38
Child of the moon .....	39

You're the white flower of the rowan.....	40
Is there Paradise beloved .....	41
Too much you gaze at me, love often .....	42
Lonely I'll wander in the green woodland.....	43
Do not put me from your mind .....	43
The faith that I have in you.....	44
Tender, so tender, arc of slender light,.....	45
In you I drown and all my senses end. ....	46
Love is just a dying.....	48
Beyond desire, .....	49
Flower of the hawthorn.....	50
Little hazel-bush by the deep pool. ....	52
Love is the fire that wraps us round. ....	53
Bird on briar, Bird, Bird on briar, .....	54
Heart be still, heart, heart be still, .....	55
Mermaid slipped through the dark wave.....	56
See if the heart can bear.....	57
To each, giving, generous, lovely, not to one only. ....	58
No joy for us, .....	61
Hedge-rose,.....	63
You are whiter than the swan is,.....	64
White star in the grass,.....	65
Drowned by love, remember she is moon-led,.....	66
She exhibits in white flowers and leaf-dark trees,.....	68
On the rock of silence .....	69
<b>50 Dragons for Shen Lung</b>	
1.....	71
10.....	73
20.....	76
30.....	78
40.....	81

## **Three Pines and a Buddha**

1.....	86
50.....	100
100.....	114
150.....	128
200.....	141
250.....	156
300.....	170
Silence flows sweetly from your closed eyes.....	191
Gone beyond holding and releasing,.....	191
Whispers of love to your graceful silence.....	191
Eyes that question chase the falling dew.....	192
Distant silence after intimate feeling.....	192
This night we climb again to the stars.....	192